

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOL. XI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

NO. 3.

HARRINGTON & FREEMAN,
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, CLOCKS,
SILVERWARE AND OPTICAL GOODS,
59 COURT STREET, BOSTON.
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
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Arlington Office in Town Hall. July 5th

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Post Office address, Box 135. Office, Baseman
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Carpenter and Builder,
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Jobbing and repairing promptly done. Particular attention given to fitting up Bath Rooms. Window and Door Screens made to order.

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AND DEALERS IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND OPTICAL GOODS
of every description.
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Office Hours: Saturdays from 7 to 9 P.M.

OMAR W. WHITTEMORE,
DEALER IN PURE
Drugs, Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles and Fancy Soaps. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Sunday hours: 8 A.M. to 1 P.M., 2 to 3 and 6 to 8 P.M.
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SWAN'S BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

L. C. TYLER,
Boots and Shoes
New Styles and New Goods.

Our stock is fresh and new goods are arriving every week. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Goods. Men's, Boys' and Young Men's Goods of all kinds and in good variety, of which we shall be pleased to furnish you a letter you purchase or not. Also Men's, Boys' and Children's

HATS, CAPS AND UMBRELLAS.

Call and examine for yourselves.

REPAIRING NEATLY & PROMPTLY DONE.

BANK BUILDING, ARLINGTON, MASS.

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HARNESS MAKER,
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Next door to Hill & Gott, and opposite Arlington House. Trunks and Valises repaired. New work of every description in the best manner. Repairing in all its branches attended to.

W. H. H. TUTTLE,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,
OFFICE:
55 Devonshire St., BOSTON.

Elevator at No. 47 Devonshire Street.

JAMES BASTON,
Carpenter and Builder,
BROADWAY, ARLINGTON.

Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and Plans for building as desired. Personal attention to all orders.

S. P. PRENTISS,
Teacher of
Piano, Organ, Violin & Singing,
Pleasant Street, Arlington, Mass.

CHARLES GOTTL
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER
AND

BLACKSMITH.
Arlington St. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to
HORSESHOING.
Has already finished and in course of building.
HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,
SLEIGHES, PUMPS, Etc.

May 17th
O. J. DERBY,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Desires to return thanks to the citizens of Arlington for their generous patronage, and announce that he has removed to the store recently fitted up for his special use, next Swan's Block. All work entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention in a skillful, workmanlike manner.

Mr. Derby is agent for Mr. J. E. Ober, Westmoreland, for coal and wood will be received and stored.

GRAND ARMY FAIR

FRANCIS GOULD POST 36

Will hold a fair to raise needed
money for a

CHARITY FUND.

It will be held in

Town Hall, ARLINGTON,

— ABOUT —

The Middle of Next Month

CONTRIBUTIONS

— OF —

Vegetables and Fruit, Coal
and Wood, Useful and
Fancy Articles,

Or any thing that will sell,

SOLICITED
FOR THE FAIR.

ARLINGTON
Miniature Directory, 1882.

CONVEYANCES.

MIDDLESEX CENTRAL BRANCH RAILROAD.
Trains leave Arlington for Boston at 6:10, 6:24,
7:00, 7:25, 7:58, 8:18, 9:27, 10:48, a.m.
1:20, 3:35, 4:37, 5:20, 6:35, 6:50, 7:19, 34,
7:10, 8:18, p.m.

Trains leave Boston for Arlington at 6:38, 7:05,
8:15, 9:30, a.m.; 12:20, 2:40, 4:20, 4:50,
5:20, 5:45, 6:10, 6:25, 7:05, 7:45, 7:10, 20,
7:11, 10, p.m.

Cars leave Arlington Heights Station 7 minutes
earlier or later than time given above. Brattle and Lake St. are flag
stations only.

↑Wednesdays only.

UNION HORSE RAILROAD.
Horse cars leave Arlington at 5 minutes past
every hour to 10:05, p.m.; leave Bowdoin
Square, Boston, to 10 minutes past
every hour, to 11:10, p.m.

Sundays, every half hour, instead of hourly.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Mail arrives. Mail closes.
7:50, a.m. 9:00, a.m.
1:00, p.m. 1:00, p.m.
5:00, p.m. 6:30, p.m.

Western Union Telegraph at the Post Office.
F. E. Fowle, Post Master.

At Arlington Heights, morning mail opens
at 8:00; closes at 9:00. Evening mail opens
at 5:00; closes at 6:10.

E. B. Bailey, Post Master.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Henry
Mott, Wm. H. Allen, James A. Bailey.

Keeper of the Almshouse, G. W. Austin.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector, B.
Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office

hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings,
Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—John H. Hardy, chair-
man; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; William A.
Winn, William H. Allen, Marcus Morton, W.
F. Potter, Rodney J. Hardy, Timothy O'Leary,
Henry Swan.

Library Committee.—John H. Hardy, John
T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioner.—Henry Mott, Wil-
liam G. Peck, Warren Rawson.

Water Engineer, B. Delmont Locke; Sup't of Works,
Sylvester Soddy, Swan's Block.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer.
George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Asst's.
Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday
in each month.

HIGHLAND HOSE, NO. 2.

Foreman, John Casey; clerk, James Fer-
moyle; treasurer, George H. Hill; steward,
John Nolan. Meets the second Tuesday in
each month.

W.M. PENN HOSE, NO. 3.

Foreman, Major Bacon; clerk, R. Byron
Harwood; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meets
third Tuesday in each month.

MENOTOMY H. and L. TRUCK.

Foreman, Cornelius O'Leary; clerk, Ed-
ward Sweeney, 2d; steward, Wm. Sweeney.
Meets second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

John H. Hartwell, chief.
Patrick J. Shean, Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day after-
noon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednes-
days and Saturdays, when it is kept open two
hours later. The Library is located in Town
Hall building.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Albert Winn, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of
Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street, and are
open for business Wednesday and Saturday af-
ternoons and evenings, after three o'clock.

Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

H. E. Chamberlin, supt. of S. S. Wendell E.
Richardson, assistant. John F. Allen, Jr., sec-
retary and treasurer. Preaching service at
10:30. Sunday School at noon; evening ser-
vice at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

No Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30, H. H. Ceiley, super-
intendent; preaching Service at 10:45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Rector.

Preaching service in the morning at 10:30;
evening at 7:30; Sunday School at noon.

PEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, Pastor.

Myron Taylor, superin't of Sunday School;
Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes,
secretary. Preaching service at 10:45; Sun-
day School at noon; services in the evening at
7 o'clock.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor.

Rev. James J. O'Brien, Asst. Low mass at 8
o'clock; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 4: p.m.
Sunday School at 2:45, under the care of pastor
and assistant.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

No Pastor.

John H. Ferry, superintendent of S. S. Hen-
ry Swan, Miss E. Locke, ass'ts. Secretary,
Jas. H. Richardson, Treasurer, Chas. S. Rich-
ardson. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday
school at noon.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic
Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford
street, Thursday on or before full moon each
month. George W. Storer, W. M. Secretary.
L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

MENOTOMY ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month.
Henry J. Crosby, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W.
Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

COTTING HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Franklin V. Wellington, president. Secretary
and treasurer, Lewis P. Frost.

BETHEL LODGE.

No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in
Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and
Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening.
The only decoration was an illuminated
sign, bearing the words "Seven
Jewels," hanging pendent from the
ceiling, and this proved the title of an
exercise with which the concert was
opened. The "jewels" proved to be
"the cardinal virtues," neatly printed
on cards, which were hung in the rear
of the platform, each in turn, as the
children came forward and recited appropriate
poems illustrative of each
"jewel" in turn. Between them, Mr.
H. H. Ceiley, superintendent of the
school, read scripture selections. The
following is the order in which the
recitations occurred:

Faith.—Agnes Damon; Hope, Flor-
ence Osborn; Charity, Esther Bailey;
Peace, Lucy Hunting; Joy, Maud
Frost; Love, Florence Bailey; Purity,
Daisy Plympton.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meets in
St. Malachy church first Sunday in each
month. P. H. Byron, President. Secretary,
John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E.
O'Leary.

Arlington Boat Club. Meets at boat house,
foot of Spring Lane, first Monday in each
month. Walter Stimpson, President. Secre-
tary, H. M. Day. Treasurer, W. L. Hill.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meets first and
third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Henry Y.
Hill, President. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C.
Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meets in
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Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meets first and
third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Henry Y.
Hill, President. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C.
Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Daniel Gray.

DR. J. HOLLAND'S BRAUTHAL PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven,
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall figure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well: in truth, few knew him
better:
For my young eyes oft read for him the word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude;
Nor was he called among the gifted
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred text and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his tried devotions
Rising beyond the straight-backed kitchen
chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded,
"Help us, oh, Lord, to pray, and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer"
rounded.

The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve
him;

He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes or rarest flowers would move
him

Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous word for sum of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond care,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Not nature's need nor gentle word could win
him

From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his
hair,

And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it
there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer;
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for
way

His mighty friend in heaven, the great Re-
deemer,

Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for
him.

So, if ever I win the home in heaven,
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

A LOST BABY.

for the winter. I want you to drop
everything else and devote yourself to
us, to escort Winifred to all the ex-
hibitions, symphony rehearsals, recep-
tions, etc., of the season. She is look-
ing remarkably well, and, what is better,
has returned heart free. I was afraid
some French marquis would be at-
tracted by her and snatch her up.

I know that you are very sensitive on
such matters, and will not thank me for
telling you, but by the death of her
Uncle Robert in Pernambuco she has
come into possession of thirty thousand
dollars, which, in addition to her ex-
pectations from Papa Molineux, makes
her a very pretty heiress. As what's-
his-name says, 'A crisis comes once in
the life of every man!'

There is a trite old saying in regard
to cup and saucer which I forbear quoting,
reminding only that it is a mistake to
conde considerate delicate porcelain to baby
fingers. Mr. Ward's cup would probably
never have slipped had it not been for
a baby of whose influence upon his fate
he was as yet blissfully unconscious. It was
a sorry day for him when the three
weird sisters converted Mr. Templeton
Ward's cup of happiness—which had
hitherto been as carefully guarded as
though it had been a veritable bit of
blossomed Dresden or fragile specimen
of Sevres in Pompadour rose—into a
plaything for a ruthless and irrespon-
sible baby.

Mr. Ward had drifted into a day-
dream, when he was recalled suddenly
to the actualities of the present by a
sweet voice at his elbow inquiring diffi-
dently, "Is this seat engaged?"
Turning sharply, he saw a dignified
but youthful lady, with a face like that
of one of Raphael's Madonnas. His
impassible heart paid her homage at
once, and he was about to spring to his
feet with spontaneous politeness, when
the pleasurable emotion was checked by
one of dismay. She held in her arms
a baby—well dressed, neat, chubby,
bright, and, to a parental eye, a cherub
of a child; to Mr. J. Templeton Ward,
his pet aversion and peculiar horror.

He looked at the child with an ex-
pression of intense disapprobation. "I
think you will be more comfortable at
the other end of the car," he remarked,
slowly raising his eyeglasses and sur-
veying the perspective of crowded
seats.

"I will try another car," replied the
lady, with quiet dignity.

Mr. Templeton Ward's good breeding
asserted itself. "Indeed, madam, I
had not observed that there were no
vacant seats. Pray do not imagine me so
egregiously selfish;" and the little
lady was quickly seated at his vis-à-vis.

For some time the baby conducted
itself in an exemplary manner, drum-
ming on the window-pane and watch-
ing the rapidly whirling landscape, and
Mr. Templeton Ward had time to ob-
serve that the lady was dressed in that
alleviated mourning which allows cer-
tain concessions to fashion and becom-
ingness in the toleration of white at
the throat and wrists, and solitaire
pearls in either ear.

"You have fine little boy, madam."

The lady smiled. "She is a very
good baby."

Mr. Ward was momentarily confused.
"Your little daughter resembles you
strikingly," he remarked.

Again the rarely sweet smile flickered
across the lady's lips.

"You could not compliment me in a
more gratifying manner," she replied.

"Oh, without doubt. She had got
on up nicely on purpose to deceive
and to think that I did not suspect her
designs when she asked me if I did
not think that execrable baby deli-
cious!"

"Was the baby pretty, Templeton?"

"Pretty! I should think not. I
wish you could have seen it. It bore
the marks of depravity stamped upon
its brow. When it howled, it glared at
me with demoniac eyes, and fisted like
a prize-fighter. I am morally certain
that its father is one of the champions
of the ring."

"And what did you say you did with
it, dear?"

"I got rid of it as quickly as possible,
I assure you. I handed it to a police-
man, and requested him to drop it into
the East river. I had the satisfaction,
however, of pinching it well before I saw
the last of it."

"Do you suppose the man thought
you were in earnest, Templeton?"

"Of course not. He has carried it off
to the Home of the Friendless, or the
Asylum for Little Wanderers, or some
institution of that sort, I suppose. But
let's drop the baby. Where's Winifred?"

"I expect her every moment. There's
the door-bell now. Let me see."

Mrs. Molineux motioned back the
servant and herself opened the hall-
door, finding herself, to her surprise,
face to face with her husband, who wore
an anxious expression. Mr. Ward, who
sat just within the parlor, heard their
conversation distinctly.

"We call her Dimple. Don't you
think a baby the most delicious thing
in the whole world?"

"Well, no, it had never occurred to
me in that light before, but you know
I have not had the advantage of an
acquaintance with Miss Dimple."

"You could not help liking her. She
never cries; she is absolutely angelic."

Mr. Ward was on the point of re-
marking, "I said she resembled you,"
but he checked himself, they were not
sufficiently intimate yet for flattery.

The conversation became impersonal,
and drifted through a wide range of sub-
jects, Mr. Templeton Ward becoming
more and more interested in his travel-
ing companion, and quite ignoring the
presence of the baby. This young per-
son at last became fidgety and even
cross.

"The precious infant!" exclaimed
the lady. "How forgetful I am! She
should have been fed twenty minutes
ago."

A basket was produced, and a little
rummaging brought to light a nursing
bottle. "Dear! dear!" murmured the
baby's guardian; "here is the bottle, but
where is the milk! How stupid in
Maggie to forget it!"

The baby at the sight of the bottle at
first chirruped with gleeful excitement,
then became frantically impatient,
and finally burst into a roar of anger as
the train paused at an out-of-the-way
country station.

"I see farmhouses and cows grazing
in the pastures," suggested Mr. Ward;
"Perhaps I can obtain some milk for
you."

"Oh, no, no; pray do not trouble
yourself," replied the lady; "if you will
kindly watch the baby I can get it."

And before he had time to insist, she
was out of the car and running toward
one of the farmhouses. Mr. Ward ex-
plained the situation to the conductor,
who agreed to wait two minutes beyond
the usual time for her return. Two
minutes, three minutes, four minutes
passed, and still she came not.

The engineer sounded the whistle,
the conductor shouted: "All aboard!
I can't wait any longer. She's had
plenty of time. I must reach the next
station before the up-train," he ex-
plained, and the train moved on. Mr.
J. Templeton Ward gazed in a stupified
manner from the window; the baby
howled. "Come, this will never do,"
he said, as he endeavored simultaneously
to realize the situation and to quiet the
distressing baby, his thoughts and
words keeping up a running fugue com-
ing in this manner:

Thought: "What can have detained
her?"

Aloud: "Precious little Dimple,
so—"

Thought: "Where did she disappear
to, anyway?"

Aloud: "—it was. Shall have the
pretty watch."

Thought: "Great Caesar! Can it
be—"

Aloud: "Angelic little cherub!"

Thought: "—a case of desertion?"

Aloud: "Never cries—no, never."

Thought: "Of course not. She was
a perfect lady; impossible."

Aloud: "Shut up this minute, or
I'll—"

Thought: "What shall I do with the
consumed—"

Aloud: "—speak to you like a father."

Thought: "—thing when I get to the
city?"

Aloud (to old lady who offers a pop-
perment): "Thank you, ma'am. (To
baby): "There, choke your blessed
throat!"

Thought: "What a figure I'll cut at
the depot!"

Aloud (attempting to sing): "Oh,
where shall rest be found? Bye-bye,
bye-bye" (shaking child violently) "go to
light-colored high hat!"

Thought: "Suppose Rose should be
at the station with Winifred to meet
me?"

Aloud: "Darling poppy-woppy, chicka-
biddy chum! See how funny it looks
in big man's hat!" (Extinguishes it in
light-colored high hat)

Thought: "She said a baby was the
most delightful thing in the whole
world. Any woman who can lie like
that is capable of deserting her unpro-
tected offspring."

Aloud (removing the hat): "Good
gracious! It's black in the face; it's
going into convulsions!"

Thought: "I'd like to know what
everybody is laughing at. If I had a
pistol I'd shoot somebody."

Aloud: "Look here, now, Miss Dimp-
le Impy. Come, let us reason to-
gether. This thing has got to be
stopped. Be calm—I say be calm."

Thought: "I'll leave it in the seat,
take my baggage and put for the smok-
ing-car." (Suits the action to the idea.
Sets himself comfortably. News-
boy appears almost immediately with
the baby, still screaming.)

Newsboy: "Please, sir, you left part
of your baggage." (Train comes to a
stop in New York depot.)

Thought: "There's a policeman. I'll
hand the wretch over to him, and get
him to carry it to the station-house or
the founding hospital."

A few minutes later and Mr. J. Templeton
Ward gayly mounted the steps
of his brother-in-law's brown-stone man-
sion. A great incubus had been re-
moved from his mind, and he now felt
disposed to treat the adventure with
hilarity. His sister met him most cordi-
ally, and, throwing himself upon the
sofa by her side, he related the story,
decorated with considerable imagina-
tive embroidery.

"Think, Rose," he said, solemnly;
"what a tremendous escape! There I
was a complete victim. Why, I actu-
ally took her for a respectable and fas-
inating little widow, and was flirting
with her in the most confiding man-
ner."

"Do you really think she meant to
desert the baby?" asked Mrs. Molineux.

"Oh, without doubt. She had got
on up nicely on purpose to deceive
and to think that I did not suspect her
designs when she asked me if I did
not think that execrable baby deli-
cious!"

Every one in this world has his or her
share of troubles and trials. Let us
then try as much as we are able not to
increase the burden of any by as much
as the weight of a straw.

Socially, politically and religiously
the civilized world is in a terribly un-
settled condition. Everything appears
to be in a state of unrest. There seems
to be no well-settled limit to anything.

fred replied, good-humoredly, "and as
I was coming out of the dairy a horrid
goat barred my passage. The woman
drove him away, but he stopped me
again at the pasture bars, and I did not
reach the station until the train had
left."

Mrs. Molineux laughed hysterically.
"Jonathan Templeton Ward," she ex-
claimed, "what have you done with
your sister's child?"

"How was I to know it was yours?"
he asked, deprecatingly. "I had for-
gotten that Miss Winifred would be in
mourning for her uncle, and I thought
she was a widow."

"You thought!" interrupted his sis-
ter. "The least said about that the
better. He sent his niece to the found-
ing hospital; he insulted Winifred and
all of us in a manner not to be repeated.

Oh, my precious Dimple, my lovely
pet! He told the policeman to drop
her into the East river. Henry, he said
you were a prize-fighter. Winifred, he
is not worthy of your slightest thought.

Why do you stand there staring at me
in that idiotic manner, Jonathan? I
disown you; you are not worthy to be
uncle of that cherub darling."

Mr. Templeton Ward did not wait to
hear all. He darted out of the door,
murmuring to himself, "A crisis comes
once in the affairs of every man," and,
seeking the policeman with frantic
haste, Miss Dimple was in a few hours
returned to the bosom of her family.

His sister, however, refused to see him,
and it was not until the marriage of
Miss Winifred to an officer in the

United States navy that Mr. J.
Templeton Ward finally made his peace
with his outraged relatives.

WISE WORDS.

It's easy finding reasons why other
people should be good-natured.

Allowing the "blues" to master you
is a sure way of cutting your life short.

A man who sits down on the road to
success and waits for a free ride is sure
to get left.

It is a mistake to judge of the excelle-
nace of your work by the trouble it has
cost you.

To do good to our enemies is to re-
semble the incense whose aroma per-
fumes the fire by which it is consumed.

A head properly constituted can ac-
commodate it to whatever pillows the
vicissitudes of fortune may place
under it.

When bad men combine the good
must associate, else they will fall, one
by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a con-
temptible struggle.

The Mote and the Beam.

We notice in an exchange a short anecdote with a point to it. A lady, on one occasion, upon examining a room which had not long before been put in order, complained to the servant that it was dusty. The latter said, respectfully, "The dust is on your glasses," and sure enough, when they had been removed and carefully wiped, the room put on quite another aspect. How very wide is the application that can be made of such an anecdote, and yet it is really only an extract from the Sermon on the Mount. We see it in our Lord's words respecting the mote and the beam. Objects change according to the media through which they are examined, just as the chameleon—and there are many like them—takes its hue from the tree it happens to be on. The monster that we see in the moon is often but the fly upon the glass of the telescope. There is much wisdom in the exhortation to be slow to speak and slow to wrath. Burns taught the same lesson when he said:

"What's done we partly may compute,
But not what's resisted."

Religious Intelligence.

It is proposed to establish at Little Rock, Ark., a college for young men and women under the control of the Methodist church.

One of the Jewish congregations in New York city has decided that hereafter men shall remove their hats in public worship.

In Boston, with a population of 108,963 and a church accommodation of 45,017, only 16,893 attended in the morning and 18,534 in the evening.

The Rev. S. W. Hastings Rose, of Michigan, has been elected Southworth lecturer on Congregationalism at Andover Theological seminary for the ensuing three years.

The Presbytery of Oregon contained at the close of the church year twenty-two Congregational churches. Since then three new churches have been organized, with 1,120 members.

The papal college of cardinals now has thirty-six Italians, seven Austrians, six French, five Spanish, three English, two Germans, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one American, one Armenian.

The stipend of Protestant ministers in Germany is so small that they are obliged to raise additional sums by charging fees for baptisms and marriages whenever celebrated at a private house with special ceremony.

The Missouri Baptist convention reports in that State: Seventy associations, of which four are colored, 1,445 churches, including 149 colored; 920 ministers, of whom seventy-nine are colored, and 89,915 members, whereof 9,945 are colored.

The *Lutherische Kalendar* for 1882 gives the total of Lutheran communicants in this country as 738,302, a gain for 1880 of 37,884. The synodical conference has 256,587, the general synod 124,734, the general synod South 18,468, the general council 226,666. There are, besides, ten independent synods, with 111,862 communica-

According to the most recent statistics the Roman Catholics have in China forty-one bishops, 664 European and 559 native priests, thirty-four colleges, thirty-four convents, and 1,092,818 Catholic population. The whole number of Protestant communicants makes about one-fiftieth of the Catholic population, and the number of European priests is twice as large as that of the Protestant ordained missionaries.

Stories About Blind Men.

Three men, two of them blind, were drinking together one night in the room of a public house. And as is too often the result of such convivial meetings, one of the blind men quarreled and came to blows with the man who could see. Here was likely to be a battle not by any means on equal terms. But the other blind man was equal to the occasion. That the man who could see should have no undue advantage over his less fortunate opponent, up jumped the blind friend and turned off the gas, and so they pummeled each other in a harmless way for a time. We have given an illustration of the warlike passion. As an offset we could give many illustrations of that gentler passion, love, for the blind are eminent disciples of Cupid and Hymen. As a rule a respectable blind man has no difficulty in obtaining a seeing wife, and very often with good looks to boot. And when we consider the delicacy of touch in the finger-tips of the blind the latter is not to be wondered at. Blind men, however, do not always marry wives who see. We know of many instances in which both husband and wife are blind and have managed to raise families without the occurrence of any serious mishap either to themselves or to the children. And the cases are rare in which the latter are defective in sight. Only lately the marriage took place of a blind couple somewhat advanced in years, she being his second wife, and he, her third blind husband. The marriage was not wanting in the elements of romance, for in their young days they had courted and parted, blind in a double sense. We will conclude with a courtship, but in this case will not vouch for its truth. A blind man on several occasions met a widow, who was not, however, like himself, blind, and latterly concluded that she would make him a good wife. He resolved that he would "pop the question" without loss of time. Accordingly, one evening found him at the widow's house for that purpose, when his suit was entirely successful. But so elated was he with his success that, on leaving her door, he forgot he was up a flight of stairs. The staircase window was very low, and happening to be open, he felt the air on his heated brow, stepped out without thinking where he was, and so fell into the court below. The widow, hearing the noise, ran down greatly alarmed, but was fully reassured when no bones were broken. It by him remark: "Maggie, ye be a big step to your door!"—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE MYSTERIES OF JUNK.

Glimpses Into a Wonderful Business of Vast Extent—How the Waste of a Great City is Utilized.

In a highly complex civilization like that of New York it is not to be wondered at if the waste of this great city has given rise to one of its most marvelous industries. How to utilize every scrap of refuse, every piece of worn out twine or rope, every pair of old boots, every sheet of moldy paper that may be thrown away, is the aim and occupation of perhaps ten thousand persons depending on this apparently very humble, but in reality highly lucrative livelihood. There are no less than 200 junk shops (wholesale and retail) in New York; there are 1,100 licensed junkmen who go out with carts every day to collect the refuse from door to door, and the number of unlicensed ragpickers is estimated by officers of the license bureau at a thousand at the very lowest. Some of the junk shops employ from fifty to eighty persons in collecting, weighing, sorting and packing the stuff, and considering the number of families whose bread winners are engaged in the industry it is regarded by those most competent to judge as but a moderate estimate that about ten thousand people are dependent upon it. The whole business is as systematized as the United States treasury or the British civil service. Every possible description of pasteboard, rag, bottle, waste paper or piece of old metal has its fixed price, and in a famous junk shop of this city no less than seventeen grades of wares of different prices (varying by perhaps only one-eighth of one cent per pound) were counted by the foreman.

The most valuable stuff, according to an official of the license bureau especially conversant with the subject, are old garments the cloth of which, after being unseamed and ripped open, is worth from ten to fifteen cents a pound to the manufacturers of shoddy. A junkman who has a "lucky day" and finds plenty of old cloth rags like these, good bottles, the best sort of paper, etc., will make \$4 to \$5 a day, while a wet day will sorely diminish his profits. The bulk of the junkmen are Irishmen, though a goodly number of Germans have also lately gone into the business; while the Italians, who are mostly unlicensed ragpickers, and form quite a large colony in Jersey, Crosby and Mulberry streets, collect from the dumps and ash barrels what the others (who, as Guitteau would say, are more "high-toned") would have left behind. The stuff collected by these Italians is so filthy that most of it has to be washed before it can be sold, and the best junk dealers do not accept anything from Italians because they say, the manufacturers to whom they must sell it declare that it is too dirty for them.

There are two big iron yards in Leroy street where the scrap iron that is collected is bought at a half cent per pound and afterward melted in the foundries, while the light sheet iron is generally disposed of to telegraph wire manufacturers. Take a broken down old stovepipe for instance. That makes excellent material for a telegraph wire and fetches from three to five cents a pound, according to quality. An immense business is done in bottles. Hardly a medicine bottle is thrown away that is not carefully washed out and restored to the trade as new. An east side bottle dealer has almost a monopoly of this business. The grease and fat that are picked up by Italians are sold to rendering establishments and reappear as lard, and the meat bones collected are said to be ground for manure, for which purpose they are said to be specially effective. Old hats that are thrown away are stripped off, recovered and reopened, and the east side "manufacturer," who has bought the hat originally from the ragpicker for ten or fifteen cents, resells it, in its rejuvenated shape, for one or two dollars. Old boots and shoes are worth anything, from five cents upward, and sold to the Baxter street shoemakers, who use them, as far as possible, in making up their "new shoes." Quite a romantic chapter and one full of the most extraordinary incidents is opened by an attempt to describe the lucky "finds" made in refuse heaps by junk dealers and their employees. Perhaps the most remarkable of these was the discovery of the secret correspondence relating to the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Paterson, of Baltimore, and the subsequent negotiations between the Paterson and Bonaparte families, in the waste paper of the old warehouse of the bride's father. From the letters found in this strange manner the entire history of these negotiations between the Paterson family and Napoleon, and of their failure, was collated and the result published in 1873, in a book. A firm of junk dealers had purchased the refuse of the warehouse as such, and in the emptying out of some long-closed desks the letters probably round their way among the waste paper. Thus the waste paper stock of an old warehouse has actually been made to serve for the purposes of contemporaneous literature. But junk dealers tell of other extraordinary "finds." A Maiden lane jeweler gave up a diamond ring which was sent to him by express as lost, when lo! months afterward the man to whom he sold his waste paper stock and other refuse found it in the heap and returned it to him. Another instance, perhaps equally remarkable, was the discovery of indorsed checks to the amount of \$3,000, found among the waste paper of a well known city bank. It appeared upon investigation that the owner was not aware of his loss, and had, therefore, taken no measures to stop the checks, so that they would have been paid upon presentation. To return to the matter of character, the junk dealers very frequently find penknives, postage stamps, scissors—but money, they all agree, very rarely. It would thus appear that while people are reckless with letters, checks, rings and other articles of value, the hard cash is about the only thing which they will take good care not to drop into their waste baskets.

The women who sort the stuff in the junk shops and who are quite a number in the city—they are called

THE SUPERNATURAL.

The Belief in "Wise Men" and "Witches" Still Held by Millions in All Civilized Countries.

People are only too apt to believe that witchcraft has become an exploded article of the popular creed, and that there are no classes holding to the faith professed by Raleigh and Bacon, Selden and Hobbs, Boyle and Moore, Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale. Yet there would not be the slightest difficulty experienced by any one whose reading includes a moderately large list of daily newspapers, domestic and foreign, in compiling a very respectable annual volume on contemporary witchcraft and proving that a belief in the supernatural and malignant attributes of crazy old crones, in the vampire tastes of unquiet corpses, and in the potency of charms and spells, is to-day entertained by millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world. They had an epidemic of witchcraft in Butler, Pa., a few months ago, when the fact was revealed that there were six professional "witch-masters" in the county, and that when the devil got possession of a man and was not disturbed in his tendency for two months, \$5 was the smallest sum for which he could be evicted. The modus operandi is to cut a circle on a white oak tree and lure the devil to enter it, which he does with a noise like thunder and a vehemence that splits the tree to splinters. The patient is then corked up, as it were, with prayers and charms.

It is only a little while since the Davenport Ia., papers chronicled the death of Mary the Witch, and gave an appetizing inventory of her professional possessions, her "cabinet" containing a cat's skull, a chicken's head, bats' wings, toads' feet, spiders' webs, various bones of various animals, dried blood and eyes of owls and cats deposited in various places wrapped in paper. It is safe to say that the professors of witchcraft in the United States are numbered by hundreds and derive an annual revenue from the credulous which it would take at least seven figures to express.

Though witchcraft is not so public and profitable a business in England, the belief in witches is even more generally held. Within the last few weeks one case has been reported where the parson of the parish was appealed to to cut a sod from the alleged witch's grave to stop her nightly promenades for evil purposes, and two young men were brought before the court for knocking down an old woman and "drawing blood" from her with a knife, so as to release their sister from her spells. At Sheffield, in November, 1880, Agnes Johnstone was sent to jail for three weeks for obtaining £5 8s. from Margaret Devaney, through a promise of "ruling her planet" and bringing her a fortune through the agency of subterranean spirits. The witch had, her dupes testified, danced with the fairies and worked with the devil for night after night. At East Dereham, one William Bulwer was fined for abusing and assaulting a girl named Christiansa Martins, because she was a partner in the witch industry with her mother, his testimony being as follows: "Mrs. Martins is an old witch and she charmed me, and I got no sleep for her for three nights, and one night at 11:30 o'clock I got up because I could not sleep, and went out and found a 'walking toad' under a clover that had been dug up with a three-pronged fork. That is why I could not rest. She is a bad old woman. She put the toad under there to charm me, and her daughter is just as bad, gentlemen. She would bewitch any one. She charmed me, and I got no rest day or night for her till I found this 'walking toad' under the turf. I got the toad out and put it under a cloth and took it upstairs and showed it to my mother and 'threw' it into the pit in the garden. I can bring it and show it to you, gentlemen." In Dudley, in June last, a professional witch came to grief and the jail for selling "a bottle of stuff to burn at midnight" to a woman who, though admitting that this practitioner was a fraud, insisted that she herself was bewitched.

The London *Daily News* is authority for the statement that "to-day in England women of bad temper and a certain originality of character deliberately give themselves out to be witches. They win some respect and exercise some influence. One woman has at this moment a reputation for keeping seven little familiar spirits, which leap out of her mouth, like the red mouse from the lips of the fair witch in 'Faust.' A witch often lowers the rent of the adjacent cottages and demoralizes a whole neighborhood."

The last legal execution in England for witchcraft occurred in 1716, but in 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex, not forty miles from London; while in 1867 "Dr. Harris" was committed for trial at the Radnorshire assizes for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks.

At Hay, in Belgium, in June last, a peasant lost not only his child but his cow, and consequently consulted the village wise man, or devin, who said:

"Go home and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your doorstep. That person will have been the cause of your ill. I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and with the aid of his spouse prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room of the house, and when next morning a kind neighbor, who had nursed the child in its last sickness, came to the door, the couple pointed on her, tied her hands and feet and kindled the pyre, on which they laid her. She had the wit to confess her guilt and beg for a priest, and when the priest came he liberated her, but not till she had been nearly burned. The tribunal of Moses laid its iron hands on the culprit, sent him to jail for sixty and forty days and made them pay \$600 damages to their victim.

In the south of France a similar charm is in vogue. If you are worried by witches you have but to take a new bottle, put into it all the

old nails, pins and pieces of iron obtainable and boil it furiously. As soon as the vessel begins to sing keep an eye on the door and the first person to enter will be the witch, obeying an irresistible impulse. Upon clubbing the witch vehemently the evil spell will be broken.

At Charleroi, in Belgium,

four women were convicted recently of swindling by pretended sorcery. Their practice was to select old women who had come into property and blackmail them under the threat of allowing the spirits to kill or bewitch a favorite child.

At the Russian village of Wratshev, near Nevgorod, two years ago, there was a woman named Agrafena Ignatjeva, a widow, who had the reputation of being a witch, and who encouraged the belief, as it made the peasants bring her food and gifts in abundance. There were many persons in the district suffering from epilepsy and it was popularly believed that the witch had thus punished them for offending her in some way. One of these epileptic sufferers, a girl from a distant village, sought some peasants to burn the witch and so release her from her sufferings. At an assembly of headmen and seniors of the village it was resolved to extinguish the source of mischief. They proceeded to her hut, which they found fastened up. They broke it open, discovered the wretched woman, charged her with the crime and then nailed up the window and door to prevent her escape. By this time over 200 men had assembled around the hut and amid their jeers and shouts of exultation it was set on fire and the whole crowd remained until it was quite consumed. Though the rural policeman was offered a bribe of \$16.50 to report the burning as accidental, he informed on the village lagers, sixteen of whom were brought to trial. The three prime movers in the cremation were sentenced to slight penances in church, and the others were set free. The courts in Germany were called upon not long ago to decide a suit brought by a peasant and his wife against a neighbor whom they accused of having caused the death of their two little pigs by witchcraft. "You couldn't see any marks on their bodies at all," he testified. "In the evening they were healthy, ate heartily, the pigsty was locked, and in the morning one of them was already dead. The defendant crossed the yard in the night and bewitched them. I speak to you, judge, as to a father, and I implore you to make her give you the doctor books she has got. In there it stands how to bewitch." When the suit was dismissed the complainants said they would appeal, and as they went out the husband exclaimed: "This we cannot lose; it is impossible." It may be added that while in Madagascar the missionaries have rooted out the last vestiges of idolatry, the belief in witchcraft defies extinction. It was reported last winter that a dog had spoken and had announced that a hurricane, causing grievous famine, would devastate the district; that immense hailstones would descend and that even the heavens would fall. To advert this the people were told to get six black and six white beads and to wear them around the neck and no harm would come to them, and all the influence of the missionaries could not prevent the converts from investing in beads.

Ante-Nuptial Dinners.

Among the latest of society customs, says the *American Queen*, which bid fair to secure a permanent stronghold among us is that of the ante-nuptial bachelor dinner, given by an expectant bridegroom to his usher and intimate friends as a farewell to his bachelor life. The young lady is generally consulted in making up this list of guests, and in this way former friends of the gentleman are sometimes able to determine beforehand, a thing never known certainly before the introduction of this custom, whether the house of the aforesaid friend will be a closed or open one to them after his marriage, or if they be not invited the almost sure presumption is that they have not found favor in the lady's eyes. The dinner is generally appointed for the week preceding the marriage. If the gentleman be not blessed with the abundant means without which the fashionable caterers are only a delusion and a snare, it is permissible for him to give his farewell dinner in his own house, and in this case the number of guests is generally somewhat smaller, sometimes only comprising the best man and groomsmen. These are usually five in all, although in large weddings there sometimes are as many as seven or nine. Twenty is considered a good number of guests, and this quota attended the farewell dinners of George Merritt and Dr. Seward Webb this season.

Fashion Fancies.

Peacock fans are in high favor. Chenille fringes are much worn. Jerseys are revived on the other side. Watered silk grows more and more fashionable.

Fashionable dancing dresses, all, have short skirts.

Esthetic dress grows more and more in favor in England.

Plush is more fashionable as a lining for wraps than for the outside.

Black remains the choice color for the costliest and most elegant wraps.

Pale rose and cream white are the favorite colors for fine wool evening dresses.

Fringes of silver and pearl beads mixed are used for trimming evening dresses.

Artificial flower garnitures are de riguer with all gauzy and semi-diaphanous ball gowns.

Tan-colored long gloves with loose wrists are worn on all sorts of occasions and with any kind of a dress.

Black lace and fine jet are the approved trimmings for the handsomest black satin dresses for evening wear.

White, or pale blue, or rose-tinted Chudha shawls make lovely evening wraps when fur-lined ones are not needed.

The newest and most striking material in Paris for whole costumes is watered silk with a floriated damask pattern.

Detachable trains fastening below the short buckled back draperies come with some of the handsomest late importations.

Court trains of great length, detachable and fastening on at the shoulders, come with the richest and costliest evening robes.

Silver gray silk trimmed with silver moire and steel and silver bead embroideries, is a much admired combination for light mourning.

Among fashionable shades are turmeric, dead leaf, old green, all dark greens, faded old gold, and a shade copied from the inside of a ripe melon.

Tinted Roman pearls are much worn with full evening dress. Greek necklace are also worn, made of several rows of pearls linked together at intervals by small diamond clasps.

Satin boots, with velvet tops, Spanish insteps and Chinese toes, and fastened with tiny jeweled buttons, are worn with handsome dinner or evening toilets of satin and velvet.

The bodies of woolen dresses are sometimes ornamented with velvet collars and cuffs embroidered in gold. They are called officers' and pretences' collars, and are high and straight about the throat; with them are worn double ruffles of yellow lace.

A new French bonnet exhibited has the tiny puffed crown completely covered with multi-colored buttons, made of chenille, silk plush and gold tinsel.

The Flathead Indians are painted because they saw wood for their wives. But they did not get their name for any such reason.—*P. L. M.*

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PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE

A meeting was held in Grand Army Hall, Woburn, Monday evening, in response to a call requesting Woburn's citizens to meet and organize an association for public improvement. Many of the leading business men of the town attended and advocated an organization that will work to improve the town and encourage new industries. Among the prominent speakers were Col. William T. Grammer, Thomas H. Hill, Capt. J. P. Crane and Mr. F. S. Burgess. A committee of seven was chosen to present at an adjourned meeting a list of officers, etc. Another meeting will soon be held, to be called by the committee of seven.—*Boston Journal*.

Nothing seems more probable than that next spring is to see the most general exodus from Boston that has ever been known. There are many reasons for it, such as bad water, etc., which need not be enumerated. There is a reason above and beyond all of these, of great importance. The impulse to seek the purer air of the country in which to raise the young family is the most natural one, and the clerk and salesman, the skilled mechanic and advancing business man turns in that direction as soon as his increasing income warrants an improvement in his surroundings, even if a drooping of the blossoms around his city hearth-stone do not demand, in tones not to be denied, that best of all sources of health—bright sunlight and free, pure air. For this cause alone hundreds will go out from the crowded city homes this spring.

Not one of this class will move hastily. They will look before they locate, meaning to make for themselves a permanent home. The question that comes home to all interested in the growth of the town, is, are these worth inducing to make this their home,—how shall they be induced.

We have no suggestions to make at this time, but would call the attention of all our readers to the above facts, and also to what Woburn is doing to make the town an inviting place for this overflow from the city. We should be pleased to have the matter discussed by correspondents, believing that much good to the town would result.

THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

Wednesday was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's greatest orator, and the event was appropriately noticed by the Marshfield Club, in a dinner at the Parker House, Boston, the list of speakers embracing men who were Mr. Webster's associates in public life, those who can remember him in his later years, and still others who were but children when he died. All of these speeches, whether delivered by Republicans or Democrats, show that all prominent New England men recognize the intellectual greatness and the valuable services of Webster to the nation. Ex-Mayor Prince presided with his usual grace, and his speech, like all of his public efforts, was a model. Governor Long's speech was an appreciative and eloquent tribute to Massachusetts' greatest statesman of the last generation. Mr. Winthrop, who was the political associate of Webster, with his rare facility, spoke of the great man as he knew him. Senator Jones, of Florida, showed by his appreciative speech that he is familiar with the great man. The other speeches of the evening were of a high order. In Concord, N. H., Colonel George delivered an eloquent tribute to the great man who was born, educated and started upon his wonderful career in the Granite State.

It is said that Daniel Webster was the author of the saying that "New Hampshire is a good State to emigrate from," and acting on that idea, he came to Boston in 1804 and was admitted to the bar the next year. He was a great man in every sense, and there are some who hold that he would have been the greatest of lawyers had he kept out of politics. His speeches in the Senate, however, will be remembered long after his name at the bar has died, and as the "Great Expounder" of the Constitution his memory is secure. It was but natural that he should aspire to the Presidency, forgetting that his greatness could not be increased by the glorification of that ambition. No one who ever gazed upon his lion-like face, and heard the deep tones of his powerful voice, can ever forget the magnetism of his presence. As a master of terse

and expressive language he had no equal in his day, and it is to be regretted that this generation has no one who can be compared with him.

12th Regt. Reunion.

The annual reunion of the twelfth Massachusetts regiment was held in Boston, last Wednesday, at Young's hotel, to celebrate in part the centennial of Daniel Webster whose son, Col. Fletcher Webster, killed at the second battle of Bull Run, was the first colonel of this regiment. Col. B. F. Cook of Gloucester, presided. Special mention was made of the "Regimental History of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment" now being compiled by Col. Cook. Lieut. Gov. Byron Weston and staff, Maj. George S. Merrill, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., Maj. Lyman S. Hapgood, Mayor Green and others were present. Comrade Alfred C. Munroe of Brockton, was toast-master, and officers were elected as follows:—President, Col. B. F. Cook; vice-presidents, James T. A. Lewis, Jonathan B. Whitman; secretary, James T. A. Packard; treasurer, George E. Muzzey; executive committee, William H. Cole of company A., John H. Russell of B., A. L. Burt of C., E. H. Ferguson of D., Warren Dunbar of E., Capt. E. K. Harmon of F., Lewis Reed of G., J. W. Thayer of H., F. A. Lancaster of I., I. C. Dowling of J., and L. Howard Packard of the band. It was voted that a picnic be held next summer at Nantasket Beach.

South Middlesex Unitarian Conference.

The annual meeting and quarterly conference of the Southern Middlesex Unitarian Conference was held on Tuesday at the Unitarian Church in Che sea, and was very largely attended, there being about 300 delegates present. The session opened early in the morning, and the time until 10:30 was devoted to devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. J. B. Bland, of Cambridge. The annual meeting was called to order by the President, Col. Carroll D. Wright. The essay of the forenoon was on the topic of the "Religious Outlook," and was very ably handled by Rev. Francis B. Horbrook, of Newton. The convention then adjourned for dinner, which was spread in Broadway Hall by the ladies connected with the Chelsea Unitarian Society. The afternoon session was convened at 2 o'clock, when a committee, appointed in the forenoon, presented a list of officers for the year ensuing, which were the officers entire of 1881. The balance of the afternoon was passed in the reading of reports of committees, and an address by Hon. John C. Park. The convention adjourned at an early hour, and proved to have been very interesting and instructive.

Sunday School Institute.

A considerable audience assembled at the Berkley Street church, on Wednesday, to hold a Sunday School Institute, under the auspices of the Congregational Superintendents' Union of Boston. Rev. William B. Wright made an address of welcome. The general subject was: "The Teacher," in his various relations with his class, the library, the superintendent, his fellow teachers, the parents, etc. Addresses were made during the day by George S. Trowbridge of Newton, C. C. Carter of Quincy, who presided, I. Freeman Hall of Dedham, Hon. S. W. Bicknell, C. C. Johnson of Springfield, Rev. Smith Baker of Lowell and A. E. Dunning of Boston. In the evening, ex-Mayor Hall of Cambridge, spoke on the layman's view of the teacher's work, and Rev. A. McKenzie, D. D., on the pastor's view of the same subject. The exercises were very interesting and instructive. A considerable number of visitors were present from various parts of the state.

Belmont Choral Society.

This is the name of an organization in our neighboring town of Belmont at present engaged in rehearsing for a grand concert at the Unitarian church, Belmont, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 1st. The chorus embraces citizens of Arlington and Waverley as well as Belmont, and has enjoyed the efficient training of Prof. J. B. Sharlan, of Boston. The rehearsals are held in Town Hall, Tuesday evenings, and are highly enjoyable. The place for holding the concert was chosen as the only place with sufficient seating capacity.

There is a useful lesson in the recent history of the Pacific Coast. The rage for speculation and stock gambling, which lasted until about two years ago, reduced thousands of prosperous people to poverty. When this mania disappeared, the revival of legitimate trade began, and now nearly all the industries of the Coast are prosperous and a better feeling prevails than there has been for years. The deepest gloom had settled upon San Francisco in 1879, but at present it is a bustling and thriving city. The growth of business is rapid and healthy; factories are multiplying; new enterprises are springing up in every direction. Here is afforded a striking illustration of the vastly different shades of the speculative mania and legitimate enterprise.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

It was our pleasure, in our last week's issue, to reproduce a long list of notices of the changes and improvements in the mechanical and editorial departments of our paper. These were largely from the Boston and other city dailies. This week we give another batch, mainly from our brother editors' local papers in the neighborhood. It will be seen that several have a pleasant word for the town.

The *Arlington Advocate* this week makes its promised appearance as an eight-page sheet, and proves to be a well gotten-up and attractive journal. We wish it success in its new departure.—*Malden Press*.

The *Arlington Advocate* begins the new year with its borders doubled. Its editor, Mr. Parker, is a man of high convictions who publishes a good paper.—*Southbridge Journal*.

The *Arlington Advocate* celebrated the commencement of its eleventh volume last Saturday by appearing as an eight-page paper, instead of four as formerly. The double size will be continued for the future and may be taken as a mark of genuine prosperity.—*Waltham Record*.

The *Arlington Advocate*, of which Charles S. Parker, formerly of Woburn, is editor and proprietor, comes to us in quarto form, enlarged to twice its former size. It is published by Charles S. Parker, and the great progress which has been made since it came into his hands is alike creditable to his energy and to the enterprising village whose patronage has made the improvement practicable.—*Boston Advertiser*.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Mr. James H. Beatty, the assistant-district attorney for Utah, has published another letter on the Mormon question, in which he suggests the following remedies: 1. That the living in and practice of polygamy, as well as the marrying into it, should constitute the offense of bigamy. 2. That the present statute of limitations as to the commission of the crime should be repealed.

3. That any wife or women, regardless of her relations to the man charged with bigamy, should be made a competent witness. 4. That a quasi-divorce law should be established, by which the polygamous wife may apply to the courts for such a portion of the husband's property as she and her children would bear to the whole number of his wives and children. 5. That every man who has ever lived, or believed in, or advocated polygamy, and has not repented of the same, shall be disfranchised either from voting or holding office. Mr. Beatty thinks that these remedies, if put into the form of law and then thoroughly applied, would be sufficient to extirpate the vice in a comparatively brief period.

He may be right in this hope, yet we strongly doubt it. The Mormons, if we may judge from their temper and fanaticism, are not going to relinquish the practice of polygamy, except under the most extreme of circumstances.

They will defy all law except that which they cannot defy, and that law is one

which takes the whole government in

Utah absolutely out of their hands, and puts it into hands that will compel their

obedience to law, even by military force, if necessary. We have no faith

in any tampering system with this

Mormon rebellion against law.—*Independent*.

The attitude of Emperor William toward the German congress is regarded with alarm by all lovers of freedom.

It is believed that he is meditating a

coup-de-etat, and the possible conse-

quences of such a step bode no good to

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The march of civilization is not to-

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Temperance Department.

EDITED BY

Mrs. H. A. LEAVITT, Secy Mass. W.C.T.U.

"IT'S A HARD LOT!"

There is not a man or woman in this whole community that will not agree with Robert Martin, the wife and child murderer, who was sentenced in our courts, Saturday, to be hanged for his crimes, that "it's a hard lot" which has overtaken him, as he said himself when the dread sentence of the law was pronounced upon him. To be strung up like a dog and strangled to death is a hard lot for even the very meanest of human creatures, but is especially a hard lot for a man like this, who, but for his fatal passion for intoxicating drink, would still be, as the testimony at his trial proved he used to be, an honor and credit to himself and his family—an upright, honorable, and altogether worthy citizen, a valuable workman, a kind husband and a devoted father. When we see a good man hurried to his destruction, and to the disgrace of himself and the innocent ones who bear his name, by over-indulgence in the cup, we may well say:

"Thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."

"Wine," says an ancient writer, "has drowned more than the sea." Overindulgence in strong drink, certainly, has sent more men to the gallows than any other cause. Like fire, drink is a good servant, but a terrible, remorseless master. If anything could emphasize the wise words of the Judge in court to-day relating to strong drink, and the effects of its misuse, surely it is the awful judgment of the law on the wretched man Martin. Let us sincerely hope that this new warning will not be in vain; that the fate that awaits the unhappy Martin will not fail to fulfill the desire and spirit of justice, which is not revenge, but powerful admonition to avoid danger and wickedness.—(Newark (N. J.) Journal.

* Some months ago, when drunk, he fired a pistol at his wife who was endeavoring to escape from him, and the bullet passed through the body of the child into the mother, killing both.

TEMPERANCE LAW THROUGH 1881.

Legislation on the liquor traffic during 1881 has been varied, important, and interesting. Public interest in the reform has evidently been on the increase, and the efforts of special friends of the cause have been stimulated and aided thereby. A majority of the legislatures which meet biennially sit during odd-numbered years, hence, about thirty legislative sessions have been held during 1881, which is, no doubt, double the number held in 1880. The courts have not been inactive nor, on the whole, unfriendly. The general result has been a decided "boom" in the movement for "legalization." We propose to portray the more salient and important features of the year's progress. A convenient order of topics will be: Constitutional Questions, Prohibitory Legislation, Local Option, Excise and License Laws. There does not seem to have been any important progress made in civil damage laws.

1. CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS.

No sooner had the people of Kansas, in 1880, ratified a constitutional amendment that "the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in this state, except for medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes," than actions were brought to test the questions whether the amendment was valid; also, whether it did not abrogate the previous license law—the "dram-shop act"—and so release persons from the obligations (and penalties imposed by that law). This second question may be here disregarded as not of permanent interest outside of Kansas. The decision was in effect that the amendment forbade further licensing, but did not release violations of the act already committed. A chief objection to the validity of the amendment was the broad and general one that the 14th Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which forbids any state to "deprive any person of property," prospects the right to sell as an inherent element of property rights. In short, just as, years ago, the foes of prohibition in New York and elsewhere contended that the legislature could not forbid selling, because the state constitution protected property, so now they claim (and not in Kansas only) that the people of a state cannot forbid it, because the United States Constitution now embodies the like assertion. The court overruled the objection, simply saying that the supreme Court at Washington has decided, since, as well as before, the 14th Amendment, that a state prohibitory law is not repugnant to the Federal Constitution.

The members of the Congress, with Dr. Loring, the Commissioner, at their head, called upon the President, in the East Room of the White House. The reception was a perfectly informal affair. The President had expressed his desire to attend the Congress, but being prevented from doing so by pressure of official business, had requested the delegates to meet him at the White House. The presentations were made by Dr. Loring, the President shaking hands with every gentleman and addressing a few brief words to each. Some of them he was personally acquainted with. The reception lasted about twenty minutes. The President was attired in a dark sack suit, and received in his usual affable style.

The number of immigrants landed on our shores in 1880 was unprecedented, amounting to 457,257. The cosmopolitan character of these new citizens, as found in the Custom House, shows that

view, now generally understood, that the commercial power terminates when the original package of importation reaches the retailer, and he breaks it and places its contents on sale to consumers. They then cease to become imports and become subject to the police power and laws of the state within which they are. As to the 14th amendment, he very forcibly urged that protecting the liquor traffic was never one of the objects of that measure. Its purpose was to protect the freemen, by establishing equality of persons and by forbidding the state legislation which should seek to impair their property rights because of their race or color. A prohibitory law does not forbid selling liquors, it only forbids selling them for one single use, as beverages.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—The Congressional machine is now fairly in motion. The heads of the committees are arranging a plan of work for the campaign. The present outlook seems to indicate that there are no portentious storms in the near future.

What pent up struggles are embodied in this calm, no political Vennor can guess. One honest patriotic session of the honored representatives of this great land, would be a glad hiatus that would be hailed with joy by 50,000,000 of people, and be remembered in history as an example to millions yet unborn.

The most brilliant reception of the season at the Capital was that of the Mexican Minister, Zamacona. His residence is a double mansion with an elegant summer house arranged for promenading and dancing, connected by double stairways. The parlors were filled with exquisite tropical flowers and ferns, which, under the varied hues of red, blue and gold lights, gave the appearance of a festive scene in some fairy's grotto. The walls were covered with Mexican paintings from the old Spanish masters. One of especial interest was placed across the eastern bay window. It represented crossed cannon, muskets with fixed bayonets, and folds of flags entwined, surmounted by an eagle holding a writhing serpent in its beak; the golden, bright-rayed Mexican sun over the eagles head, and in the background Orizaba with its high-pointed peak, snow-capped the year round, with plantation scenes of Mexican life at its base. A scroll at the lower part of the painting, relieved by representations of the prickly pear and agave plant, bore the words "Legacion de la Republica Mexicana, en Washington, D. C." giving the picture an official significance. The ball room was arranged as a grotto, with fountain effects, in the fairy-like manner remembered by those who have attended former fetes at the Legation. Every government of Europe, Asia, and South America, was represented by Ambassadors, and their ladies. Members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators and Congressmen, with their wives formed a brilliant picture rarely seen at the Capital of any nation.

The call of the committee of ways and means, upon Secretary Folger, was a pleasant affair. Judge Kelley introduced each member to the Secretary, after which all were seated, and a photograph would have made a very pleasant picture, an embodiment of sound sense and profound wisdom. An assurance was given by Judge Kelley that the Committee would do all in their power to further the interests of such measures as should seem to be indicated by the Secretary's experience, to carry the country forward on the high road of commercial prosperity.

The Mormon delegates are going to have a hard time of it, and the land of much wives will be unrepresented in this Congress unless some one is sent who is not a scion of this barbarous monstrosity. Long enough this ulcer has stained our national escutcheon and the general government, by all its precedents and history is bound to end this national disgrace and blot it from the soil of America.

The second meeting of the Agricultural Congress, now in session in this city, is a grand success. Societies in all the States have sent honored representatives. The topics discussed were varied in character, and their publications will be read with great interest by the farmers of the country. A letter was read from W. W. Corcoran, suggesting the purchase of some ground now forming part of the property of Columbia University, of which he is one of the trustees, for the establishment of an experimental station to be connected with the Department of Agriculture.

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The number of immigrants landed on our shores in 1880 was unprecedented, amounting to 457,257. The cosmopolitan character of these new citizens, as found in the Custom House, shows that

they represented seventy different nationalities, natives of every clime in the known world. It should be remembered that these were not paupers, but were for the most part men of moderate means who bought their tickets to the place of their destination having ready money enough in hand to set themselves up in business in their new homes. These are advance couriers of the mighty tide that is to fill up the sparsely settled west, enriching and building up the institutions of our American civilization far on to the Pacific coast.

The State Department has the good news from St. Petersburg of the arrival at Yakutsk, on the 17th of December, of six of the crew of the Jeannette, including Lieut. Danenhower. Another officer, Chief Engineer Melville, with six men, was daily expected. The long journey from the mouth of the Lena, over the snow-covered plains of Siberia, appears to have been made without serious difficulty and without any casualties.

PHAKS.

BOSTON TEA STORE

has received the following new goods this week,

Pine Apple Cheese.

A FULL LINE OF

HUCKIN'S SOUPS.

Tomato, Mock Turtle, Oxtail, Julienne, Beef, Chicken, Pea, Mullagatawny Consomme.

Together with a large assortment of other canned goods. Our canned Trophy Tomato takes the palm.

Persian and Malta Dates, Oranges, Lemons and other foreign fruits always in fresh supply.

We call particular attention to our full and choice stock of

Flavoring Extracts.

Buying direct from the manufacturers in New York, the celebrated HOARD BRAND, which is acknowledged to lead all others in the United States, and ordering large quantities at once, we get the same discount from gross prices as Jobbing houses, and are thus enabled to sell them to our customers for a less price than other inferior goods are sold for elsewhere. They are put up in sizes ranging from 2 oz. to qt. bottles. They embrace the following flavors:—

Lemon, Vanilla, Orange, Raspberry, Cinnamon, Wintergreen, Rose, Bitter Almond, Nutmeg, Mace, Blackberry, Strawberry, Celery, Jamaica Gin, Pine Apple, Peach.

TOILET ARTICLES.

The finest imported

BAY RUM.

COLOGNE.

FLORIST WATER.

NONPAREILLE PAPER.

One ear of prime hay, which will be sold in any desired quantity, Cheap for Cash.



PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

An invigorating Medicine that Never Intoxicates

This delicious combination of Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best vegetable remedies known, cures all disorders of the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and lungs, & is The Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are suffering from Female Complaints, Nervousness, Weakness, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, age or any disease or infirmity, take Parker's Ginger Tonic. It will strengthen brain and body and give you new life and vigor.

100 DOLLARS Paid for any quantity found in Ginger Tonic or for a sample to help to cure.

2s. and 3s. sizes & dollars in drs. Large cans bearing \$1. size. Send for circular to Hines & Co., 10 Wm. St., N.Y.

\$10 paid for conducting the most profitable business that any one can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profit from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women as well as men can make great profit.

Boys can earn \$100 a week, and girls \$50 a week.

Any one can make \$100 a week, and more.

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HIDDEN TREASURES.

There are gems as bright, as precious,
Lying hid beneath the ground,
As those worn by lord or lady,
Gems as fair as ever found.

There are virtues just as noble
Hidden beneath a load of care
As those blazoned on the banner
Which the conquering heroes bear.

There are hearts that beat as grandly,
Thoughts that never have a pen,
Treasures locked in sacred caskets
Never praised by tongues of men.

Scarce gems are ne'er discovered;
Scarce, hidden in the earth,
In the deepest caves of ocean
Lies the pearl of richest worth.

Search among thy fellow-workers,
Probe beneath the wond of toil,
Surely thou shall find a diamond
Hidden deep within the soil.

Hearts are bound in ribs of marble,
Gems are bound in ribs of rock.
Happy he who bursts the portal,
Happy he who the gates unlock.

—By Emma V. Shattuck.

SACRAMENTO.

It was an odd name for a girl—Sacra-

mento. So the girl herself thought as she stooped down beside a spring at the foot of a cottonwood tree and lazily dropped her pall into the water.

"It ought to have been given to a boy, if it was a fit name to give to anybody," she said, quite aloud. "But I'm more boy than girl anyway."

This last was added rather bitterly, as she looked at her brown, rough hands and her bare ankles, and thought of the "boys' work" she had to do.

And it was hard to believe that this was the best kind of a life for a young girl like Sacramento. Here she lived alone, for her father was down at the mouth of the canon all day. The garden work she was obliged to do, and the care of the cattle fell upon her. It was not often that she saw any person but her father, although now and then, in spite of herself, she came in contact with the rude men of the mining camp up above.

Yet Sacramento had her dream, one that she "scarcely dared to own," but it came to her often as she went about her work.

She knew that down at Santa Barbara and in the towns along the coast, and far, far away across wide stretches of the continent to the great East, there were girls who lived lives very different from her life; and she dreamed of such a life for herself.

"Oh, if I could only go away from here!" she cried out, almost as one cries for help. "If I could only go down to San Francisco and go to school there for a single year! Ah, if I only had five hundred dollars!"

Suddenly there was a step—not of a man, but a horse—on the bank behind her, and then some one spoke. She knew the voice without looking up. It was Pete Larabee, a fellow who lived down on Hahnenmann's plantation, two miles along the trail. He sometimes rode by. He had not heard her last words at all; yet strangely enough his own were a repetition of them.

"Five hundred dollars, Sac," said he. "Five hundred dollars in gold! Dye want ter earn it! There's yer chance," and he threw down to her a bit of paper crumpled into a ball.

She picked it up and slowly unfolding it ran her eyes over its contents.

\$500 Reward.

The above amount will be paid for information leading to the arrest, dead or alive, of Walter Somers, who has worked for some time past on Maxwell's ranch. Said Somers is about eighteen years old and five and a half feet high, rather good-looking, with light, curly hair, blue eyes and a light mustache. When last seen he had on a black slouch hat, gray business suit with blue flannel shirt, and boots with red tops marked with maker's name.

The name of the county sheriff was signed at the bottom of the bill. Sacramento, having glanced it through, looked up.

"He's been stealin' horses," exclaimed Pete. "Got off last night with four of Max'l's best somethin'. They're afraid won't do much good, though. The Regulators'll lasso him an' string him up long 'fore the law'll git started. They're havin' a meetin' now up at the Gulch. I tell ye, they are mad. They'll make quick work of them if they ketch him. Yer father's there. Ye needn't look for him home afore night mch."

Then, after a word or two more, the man rode on; and presently Sacramento took up her pall and with the sheriff's bill still in her hand went slowly up the bank and across the trail toward the house, thinking very seriously about the five hundred dollars all the while.

It was some hours after this, and the afternoon sun was going down behind the tops of the mountains, that Sacramento, having finished her housework, was preparing to sit down on the porch to do her sewing when she was met in the doorway by a young man she had never seen before.

And yet he was no stranger. The girl knew him instantly, although the slouch hat was pulled down over the flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the gray pants, torn and mucky, had been drawn out of the boot legs so as to no longer allow the red tops of the boots to be seen. It was the horse-thief.

She did not, however, express any surprise as she saw him. She was accustomed to the sight of rough, evil men; and at the first glance she had felt that this one could not be either very wicked or very dangerous. He was not much more than a lad, and had

a air of gentleness and good-breeding about him that six months of Western life and the miserable plight he was in at the moment had by no means destroyed. He seemed to be short of breath, too, and was trembling as if he had been running.

Instinctively he raised his hand toward his hat and then, bethinking himself, dropped it again.

"Could you give me something to eat and drink?" he asked in a hesitating voice. "Anything will do. I am very hungry. I—I have had nothing to eat since last night."

"Come in," said Sacramento, gravely. In her voice was neither kindness or unkindness. She was trying to realize the situation she was in. "Come in and sit down."

Then she went into the closet near by and began taking down from the shelves milk and bread and meat, as she slowly did so turning over the matter in her mind. Here was this man who had been stealing horses and for whose capture five hundred dollars was offered, in her kitchen. Five hundred dollars! Exactly the sum she had been wishing for—the sum that would take her down to San Francisco to school and help her make a lady of herself. And this sum might be hers if she could in some way secure this stranger or somehow keep him in the house until help arrived. Help? Why, she hardly needed help. He was weak and exhausted, and in the drawer of the kitchen table there was a loaded revolver which she knew well how to use.

She came out presently and set the things before him, bringing also a teapot from the stove and pouring for him a cup of tea. Then she went and sat down by the window and watched him furtively as he ate.

In spite of his caution he had taken off his hat while he was eating. She could better see what he was like. It was an almost boyish face, worn, but not wicked, with the curling hair lying in damp clusters upon his pale brow. In the hands, small and well-shaped, and in all his motions and manner she felt that she could read something of his story. She had heard before this how young lads in the East filled with romantic notions about Western life and adventure sometimes left their luxuriant homes and found their way out to the ranches of the Pacific slope. Perhaps he was one of these.

As he said this Sacramento, who was now near enough to see into the kitchen, saw her father rise from his chair and step to the door of the room where she had concealed the fugitive. Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw him push open the door and enter the room followed by his companions.

"We'll make a close search of it while we're about it," she heard him say within.

And then she stood there in terrible suspense upon the porch, expecting every instant to hear the shout that she's hid him? In her bedroom?

As he said this Sacramento, who was now near enough to see into the kitchen, saw her father rise from his chair and step to the door of the room where she had concealed the fugitive. Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw him push open the door and enter the room followed by his companions.

"Oh, how could you do it? How could you do it?" she suddenly exclaimed, her voice quite full of what she felt.

But no such shout was heard; and instead of it, a moment after, the two men came out again, her father still laughing at his friend.

"I did not do it. Upon my honor, I did not!" he said. "It was that man Dennis."

Sacramento heaved a great sigh of relief. Horse stealing was held in that section to be a crime worse than murder; and she was by no means free from the popular estimate of its grave nature.

"Oh, I am glad of that!" said she. "But—" She hesitated, and then went on doubtfully. "But then how was it? Why did they say it was you? And why did you run away?"

"It was Dennis' doings, their laying it to me. He did that to clear himself. And after that, you know as well as I do, there would have been no use in trying to prove myself innocent. They always hang a horse-thief first and then consider his guilt afterward. I had to run to save my life."

"Do you know that there is a reward offered for your capture?"

"I know the Regulators are after me," answered the young fellow, sullenly. "They came pretty near catching me, too, this noon. I just escaped them and came down the canon by the mountain trail. I have had a hard run for it, and what with no sleep or food for twenty-four hours I am about used up. I felt as though I could not go another step when I saw your house. You have been very good to me. I shall never forget!"

"But what are you going to do now?" interrupted Sacramento. "You are not safe here."

"I know it. But I threw them off the track at noon, and I do not think they are within five miles of me. Now I have had something to eat I will take to the woods again. I hope I may get away. If I don't—" his voice trembled and tears came into his eyes. "If I don't, I shall get a hanging, I suppose. Oh, what a fool I was not to prefer home to this sort of thing. And yet, I wouldn't care so much either, if it wasn't for my father and mother." And there the poor fellow fairly broke down.

"Hark! Sacramento exclaimed. She had been crying, too; she could not help it.

They both listened. In a moment they heard plainly the sound of horses coming down the trail. The girl turned with instant self-possession.

"Go in there! Quick! Quick! There is not a moment to lose! Here, take your hat to him!"

And handing his hat to him she half-pushed him across the room and into her own little room that led off from it. Then she hurriedly cleared the table again, barely finishing the task as the horsemen halted at the door.

There were three of them. One was her father. Sacramento knew the other two men by sight. They were rough, but of the better sort of those who made up the dwellers in Kelly Gulch. The faces of all three were stern and forbidding, and they evidently had been riding hard. They dismounted together.

"Sac," began her father as he entered the door, "hev ye seen anything of a young chap, stout or a horseback, comin' this way?"

Sacramento had expected the question and was ready for it. And she meant, if it were possible, to answer it without a lie.

"A young chap 'about eighteen years of age and five feet and a half high, rather good-looking, and with red-top boots on,'" replied she.

"Yes! yes! That's him!" cried one of the other men, eagerly. "Have you seen him? Has he been here?"

"I was only quoting from this handbill," said Sacramento, taking the paper from the shelf where she had laid it.

"Then you hasn't seen him at all?" asked her father.

"I have been right here all day, and nobody has gone by except Pete Larabee. It was he who gave me the bill. Are you sure he came this way, the—the horse-thief?"

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Paraffin has been recommended by a French authority as the best material for the preservation of eggs. One kilogramme is said to be sufficient to coat and preserve 3,000 eggs.

The great equatorial telescope at the new observatory in Nice will be one of the largest in the world, having an object glass three feet in diameter and a focal length of fifty feet.

Burning of sulphur is said to be very efficacious in preventing contagion from cholera. The use of carbolic acid alone does not produce an effect comparable to that of sulphur fumes.

In the majority of soils the lime percentage is greater in the subsoil than in the surface soil. This is due to the easy solubility of calcic carbonate in the soil water, which carries it downward.

When a drop of nitric acid is allowed to remain a few moments upon the surface of a piece of metal filed until it is bright and clean, a pale ashy-gray spot is left if the metal is wrought iron, a brownish black if steel, a deep black if iron. The carbon present in various proportions produces the difference in color. This is, therefore, considerate test.

The curious phenomenon of phosphorescent ice, observed in the Arctic regions, has been discovered by Mr. J. Allen. Whenever the observer saw a lump of ice shattered at night by the vessel carrying him, he perceived a peculiar light emitted by the frozen fragments. The light is very much like that produced by breaking a piece of sugar in the dark.

In a recent address Dr. Siemens recommended the open fireplace for its sanitary advantages. Unlike radiating stoves it warms the walls and furniture of a room more than the air. If the air within a room is hotter than the walls moisture condenses on the latter, causing mildew and fermentation, with resulting liability to disease on the part of the occupants of the room.

A curious application of electricity is now employed in the Spanish army. Conscripts wishing to escape military service have, it seems, often resorted to the trick of bending the body while being measured, so as to bring their stature below the limit prescribed for the service. To prevent fraud of this kind is the object of the new device.

When the man is standing perfectly erect the backs of the legs at the knees press against electric contacts, causing two bells to ring, while a third bell is similarly rung by pressure of the head. For a correct measurement the three bells should ring simultaneously.

The ringing ceases when there is the least bending.

HEALTH HINTS.

A small cup of warm milk containing a teaspoonful of lime water may be given frequently in cases of "bowel complaint." —*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The practice of drinking stimulants as aids to work is a serious mistake; it checks the desire for wholesome food, leads to excess, and sooner or later injures the health.

Variety of diet is of importance to health; the stomach gets weary of a repetition of the same diet every day. Hurry at meals is to be avoided—eat slowly and chew it well.

Bodily toil and manual labor can be best supported by a vegetable diet, as bread, porridge, etc., with the addition of milk, eggs, butter and cheese; meat is much inferior to these as a supplier of strength.

The majority of people, says *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*, are apt to neglect the feet. Frequent bathing of the feet in water in which a small quantity of borax has been placed is conducive to health and comfort. Ammonia and bay rum, though cleansing, have a tendency to dry the skin and close the pores. Hosiery should be frequently changed, and the feet, ankles and calves of the legs annointed with healing oil or salve. Never use cheap or highly-perfumed soap, as it has a tendency to dry and parch the skin, and so close the pores as to prove very injurious to health. Castile, olive-oil and other vegetable-oil soaps are the best for the flesh.

Hush! she said; "they may come out at any moment. Listen to what I say. Your life depends upon it. You must ride straight down the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then, close by a big cottonwood, just like this, you will strike a path to the left. Bueno will know it, once you get him in it. It will bring you out, half a mile on, at a corral road that crosses the swamp. This end of the corral road has got out of order and there are some logs laid. Lead Bueno across and then pull the logs away. If you can do that it will make trouble for those who follow you. Beyond the swamp is a big plain. Strike straight across it, keeping the moon square on your right—the moon will be up by that time—and three hours' riding will bring you to the new railroad. After that—God help you to get safe a way!"

Then she went back hurriedly to the house. The three men were still sitting at the table, and Sacramento felt rather than saw that one of them still regarded her suspiciously as she came in. She did not speak to them at all, but went directly through the kitchen to her own room, and in a moment came out, went about her work in the kitchen, and took up a pall apparently to go to the spring for water.

Ten minutes later, standing in the shadow of the cottonwood, young Somers heard a step, and then Sacramento, leading Bueno all saddled and bridled, appeared. He started forward.

"Hush!" she said; "they may come out at any moment. Listen to what I say. Your life depends upon it. You must ride straight down the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then, close by a big cottonwood, just like this, you will strike a path to the left. Bueno will know it, once you get him in it. It will bring you out, half a mile on, at a corral road that crosses the swamp. This end of the corral road has got out of order and there are some logs laid. Lead Bueno across and then pull the logs away. If you can do that it will make trouble for those who follow you. Beyond the swamp is a big plain. Strike straight across it, keeping the moon square on your right—the moon will be up by that time—and three hours' riding will bring you to the new railroad. After that—God help you to get safe a way!"

She did not, however, express any surprise as she saw him. She was accustomed to the sight of rough, evil men; and at the first glance she had felt that this one could not be either very wicked or very dangerous. He was not much more than a lad, and had

a air of gentleness and good-breeding about him that six months of Western life and the miserable plight he was in at the moment had by no means destroyed. He seemed to be short of breath, too, and was trembling as if he had been running.

Instinctively he raised his hand toward his hat and then, bethinking himself, dropped it again.

"Sac," began her father as he entered the door, "hev ye seen anything of a young chap, stout or a horseback, comin' this way?"

The next morning Sacramento told her father the story and coaxed him into forgiving her. And the following afternoon a man brought Bueno over from the railroad town; and then she knew that the fugitive was safe.

Six weeks later a lawyer from Santa Barbara appeared with a letter from Walter Somers. He was with his friends at New York, and he begged Sacramento to accept, as a gift of gratitude, at least the amount of the reward that had been offered.

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SINGULAR SUICIDES.

Some Odd Motives Impelling to Self-Destruction and Some Odd Methods Employed.

A glance at the files of a New York newspaper during 1881 discloses many interesting cases of suicide worth noticing from peculiarities of mode or motive. Dr. McCreey, of Louisville, killed himself because he believed his newly acquired appetite for liquor was incurable; John McPherson, of Toledo, because he had promised his wife on her deathbed not to drink again, and after a three days' struggle he found that he must break his vow or die; the Rev. Jacob Mulford, of Greenville, N. J., because after reforming and laboring successfully for some months as a temperance advocate he fell into temptation and lost his church. Professor Louis Walter, a pyrotechnist of St. Louis, put a nitro-glycerine cartridge on his breast and blew himself to pieces because he feared the shooting of President Garfield would spoil the Fourth of July business; John E. Jost, of the same city, read an account of a suicide, laid down the paper, drew his pistol and shot himself. A Philadelphian, on being slapped in the face by his wife, turned white with rage, and, after standing a moment irresolute, walked into the next room, took down his shotgun and killed himself. At Stepney, London, a girl drowned herself because her grandmother would not let her wear her new clothes, and at the funeral the Spartan ancestress was mobbed and almost killed. At Manchester a boy of thirteen hanged himself from remorse at playing truant, and at Newport, Canada, Ferdinand Pitcher, aged ten, went and did likewise when told to set the table for tea. William S. Pimer, of Willimantic, Conn., committed suicide on his wedding day from chagrin at not receiving a promised remittance to defray his expenses. Bruce Cooper, a young lawyer of Moorehead, Ky., eloped with Mollie De Hart, a girl of thirteen, whose parents had forbidden her to marry him, and after going a few miles advised her to return home, and shot himself. William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., was threatened with being disinherited in case he married a servant girl with whom he was in love; she refused him and he killed himself. At Newark, O., a rejected suitor made a final appeal to his obdurate sweetheart as they were driving together, and when she declared she never would consent to marry him took the check-rein from the horse, went into the woods and hanged himself. At Dallas, Tex., Mrs. C. T. Burke, of Little Rock, having followed and overtaken her sloping husband, put her two little children to sleep and poisoned herself with laudanum. At Louisville Mrs. Jennie Dorsey, when her husband, after six weeks of happiness, took to drinking and gambling and left her with a board bill of \$25 unpaid, poisoned herself and died just a few minutes before a letter came protesting his love in earnest terms, and announcing that he was coming to take her away to a new home. At Melun, in France, Jules Roy and Clemence Wagner tied themselves tightly together and dropped into the river, leaving a request to the girl's father that they might be buried in the same grave. A young lady in South Carolina hanged herself because her father was defeated for the legislature. At Schoolcraft, Mich., Dr. Barnum, who had long been suffering from a painful disease, laid himself on his dissecting table and shot himself through the heart. David Crimmins, of Toronto, jumped over Niagara Falls, leaving a letter declaring that he had been forced to the act by his wife and their clergyman. Dr. G. T. B. Read, surgeon on the bark Veronica, drowned himself at sea near Madeira, while his brain was unsettled from the effects of an overdose of bromide, taken to relieve sea-sickness. At Buntingford, England, a servant girl of seventeen, named Miles, having been wrongfully accused of taking some articles belonging to her mistress, jumped down a well 120 feet deep. A female "Perfectionist," at Dallas, Texas, having failed in running herself to death, in the belief that this would be "running the race to the end" and making sure of heaven, threw herself into the river. At Hohemosen, in Prussia, a police officer drove a three inch nail into his head with a curtain rod. Hugh Brandt, of Cohoes, having been unable to obtain work, tied a fifty pound rock around his neck, filled his pockets with stones and drowned himself in three feet of water. A negro named McJennings, at Indian Creek, Va., ran head foremost upon a circular saw in full operation, and had his head split through instantly. A woman in Milwaukee destroyed herself by holding her face in a basin of water, and a man at Constantine, Michigan, put his head into a bag with a number of stones, tied the mouth of the sack closely round his neck and jumped into a pond. At San Saber, Tex., L. B. Chapman, fearing a relapse of the mumps, shot himself four times. At Greenville, S. C., W. R. Mims, a prisoner in the jail, choked himself by thrusting his fist down his throat. At Danville, N. Y., Mrs. J. S. Boyd went into the cellar of her dwelling, stripped herself, poured a pitcher of kerosene over herself and set fire to the oil. Captain Fritz, of San Francisco, hanged himself with his feet shackled and his wrists handcuffed, but his wife explained that she had frequently fastened him in this manner at his own request when he felt himself unable to resist the temptation to go out and spend the night with political workers. Before shooting herself, Josie Lange, of St. Louis, put on an elaborately embroidered wrapper, arranged her hair becomingly and seated herself in a graceful position on a lounge. Before hanging himself Leonidas Robertson, of Madison, Ind., put on his wife's clothes and sunbonnet. George Wiggins, of Port Washington, L. I., loaded both barrels of his gun, fastened it to a fence, tied strings to the triggers and walked backward till he was about ten yards away, when with a sharp pull he brought both charges into his head and body, riding himself from the waist upward.

How Comets Affect the Earth. The following extract is from the prize article on comets, won by Professor Boss, of Albany: The influence of comets upon the earth is in all probability insignificant. They may, like the sun, affect the earth's magnetic condition, and thus to some extent, possibly, its meteorology. No such effect has ever been perceived. In spite of some chance coincidences between the apparitions of great comets and remarkable public events, no well informed person now believes that there is any real connection between them. By a liberal and credulous interpretation of any frequently occurring celestial phenomenon, similar coincidences could be shown.

When a comet is converted into meteoric bodies, which impinge upon the earth's atmosphere, there is some direct though probably minute effect. Some have thought that a sensible portion of the heat when the earth receives it is generated in this way; but the weight of scientific opinion seems to be against that hypothesis. The impact of the meteors upon our atmosphere must add some matter to it, and this is probably in the form of dust. This must be the origin of the so called cosmic dust, which has been collected at sea in recent times. The finer particles of it may have some influence on cloud formations, and other meteorological phenomena; but all this is merely conjecture.

A more remote effect may be sought in the possible fall of meteors and comets upon the surface of the sun. Owing to his vast bulk, the sun would attract an immense number of those bodies; but it is quite certain that their effect upon the sun's heat is quite insignificant. It is now generally admitted that we must look for the origin of the sun's heat in a constant, though to us, imperceptible shrinkage of his vast bulk.

Some connection between the frequency of sun spots and comets has been rather vaguely suspected. Were the search for comets systematically pursued with equal persistence for a long period, we might have some data for the formation of a sound opinion. Yet it would still be an open question whether comets cause the spots or whether greater activity of the sun tends in some way to render comets brighter, so that more will be visible, with probability in favor of the latter proposition.

Finally, it may be said, with all due respect to scientific decorum, that the appearance of a great comet does exert one most happy influence on the earth, in that it stimulates the curiosity of mankind and directs their thoughts to the more particular contemplation of the glorious universe which surrounds them.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

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"Your premises are incorrect," replied the Lamb, with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically, you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that my disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the Wolf; "but, if I am not mistaken, you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me at the University."

"Impossible," replied the Lamb; "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah, well," added the Wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again; but it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

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MORAL.—This fable teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the distribution of alluvium, and the formation of river deltas.

Something for Nothing.

All newspaper publishers have had experience with men who want to advertise themselves or their business in newspapers without cost to themselves. It is pitiful to see the shabby means they take to attain the end they have in view. Men who would feel insulted if they were called dead-beats, will with bland effrontery ask a publisher to "please mention so and so" (an advertisement), or, handing in what is really a newspaper, will with an unequalled remedy. Distressing backache and "bearing-down" sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

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REMOVAL!

J. S. MERRILL & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

PAPER HANGINGS,

WINDOW SHADES,

And Proprietors of

Merrill's Pat. Picture Hooks

—AND—

Merrill's Patent Wall Hooks,

Have Removed to

26 & 28 WASHINGTON STREET.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Ex-Gov. Alexander H. Bullock died in his home in Worcester on Tuesday, Jan. 17. He was born at Royalston, Mass., March 2, 1816, graduated at Amherst College in 1836, was admitted to the bar in 1841, and was a member of the lower branch of the state legislature in 1843, '47, '48, '51 and '52. He was elected a member of the state senate in 1849, and mayor of Worcester ten years later. He was a commissioner of insolvency in 1853, judge of insolvency from 1858, and was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1866. In the three following years he was successively re-elected. In 1866, he received the degree of LL. D., from Harvard University. Since 1869, Gov. Bullock has lived a life of elegant leisure and scholarly research, at his home, in Worcester, giving attention to the business of the local banks and State Mutual Life Insurance Company, with which he was connected, and occasionally appearing in public to deliver dignified addresses before educational institutions and other bodies. He has spent a portion of his time in Europe with his family, and during the winter was frequently in New York. He was offered the English mission by President Hayes, when Minister Webster resigned, but declined the position. He had also declined other flattering offers of official position.

Peterson's Magazine for February is already before us, more brilliant than ever. Nothing could excel the principal steel plate, "Fast Caught," or the sparkling story it illustrates. The colored pattern in Kensington stitch, "Design for Pansies," is one of those costly things found only in "Peterson." The literary matter is even better than usual. Both the novelties, that by Mrs. Stephens, and that by Mrs. Austin, increase in power as they go on. The other stories are all superior, those by Frank Lee Benedict and Mrs. Demeritt especially so. The illustrations for fashions, for work-table patterns, etc., etc., number nearly fifty, and are alone worth the price of the number. It is a standing wonder to us how so fine a magazine can be published at so low a price. The puzzle is only to be explained by the immense circulation. "Peterson" has attained the ladies have learned that they cannot afford to be without it. If you have not subscribed for it already, lose no time, but subscribe at once. Or, better still, get up a club and earn a copy free. The price is but two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Correspondence.]

THE OLD HOMES.

MR. EDITOR:—I take pleasure in contributing the following to your collection of historical data concerning the town.

Houses on the Main street in Arlington in 1794, from the River (now Alewife brook) to the corner of Medford street. Prepared from a draft recently made from recollection by Mrs. Rebecca Whittemore, of Arlington, now aged 96 years (December, 1881).

(FROM RIVER.)

(NORTH SIDE.) (SOUTH SIDE.)
Thomas Whittemore. Jonathan Whittemore
Deborah Butterfield. (now standing, with
Samuel Hunt.
An old house. Samuel Butterfield.
Aaron and Sally Cook. Peter L. Ladd.
Joseph Beiknap. M. Leonard.
Samuel Whittemore. Patten Bassell.
(now standing, with John Cook.
additions).
Edward Russell. Mrs. Lopez.
The Pin-ni-House. Jason Beiknap.
Training Fields.
Widow Hill. Gershon Williams.
The Foster House. James Cutler (now stand-
ing).
Friends House, used for a library (now stand-
ing).
Thomas Hall (now standing, with addi-
tions).
Thomas Hall (now standing, with addi-
tions).
William Whittemore, school teacher.
Solomon Bowman (now standing, with addi-
tions).
Blacksmith Shop.
Tavern, kept by Josiah Whittemore.

We would add, the accuracy of the above can be depended upon. The effort certainly is interesting and worth preserving.

STATE HOUSE NOTES.

Pursuant to the suggestion of several members of the House, all its members were asked, at its adjournment Monday, to assemble in the Blue Room. There was a very general response to this invitation. Mr. E. E. Brown of Boston called the meeting to order, and Mr. Canterbury of Weymouth was chosen to preside.

Mr. Brown stated that it had been summoned to ascertain whether the House of this year would follow the precedent of that of last year and have a dinner. He moved that a committee of seven be appointed to arrange for a House dinner. Mr. Craig of Walpole was then chosen clerk, and Mr. Brown's motion was passed. Under it the chairman selected Messrs. Brown of Boston, Hayden of Woburn, Nason of Boston, Shores of Lee, Forbes of Westboro, Porter of Quincy, and Reed of Taunton. On motion of Mr. Fowler, of Salem, it was voted that the price per plate be not more than \$2, and that no liquors be provided for the tables by the committee.

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[Correspondence.]

THE WATER QUESTION.

LEXINGTON, Jan. 18, 1882.

MR. EDITOR:—Do the citizens of Lexington need a better water supply, for fire and domestic purposes? This is a question, which, if asked of each resident of the town, would, I think, be answered, in almost every case, most emphatically that they do; and it is a question, which in the near future must be answered, not by mere words, but by action towards supplying that need which is being felt more and more each year. I believe the sooner that action is taken, the better for the town and the citizens generally. It is a well known fact that the supply of water in both of the villages, in case of fire, is woefully deficient; and because we have

been so fortunate in the past in having no large fires, is no argument that we shall not, almost any day or night, be called upon to witness the destruction of the most valuable part of our public and private buildings, and shall be able to do but little except stand by and see the work of destruction go on.

Is this right? Is it encouraging? Is it economy to maintain a fire department and not furnish it the means to do effective service, and when there is a fire, to sneer at their endeavors for saving property and blame them for not doing more. But it is not for fire purposes alone that we need a better supply of pure water.

We need it for all domestic purposes. At present we depend almost wholly on shallow wells or cisterns, the cisterns, probably, the purest of our water as a rule. The soil of a larger part of the town being of a loose, gravelly nature, allows any impurities from the surface, or other point to quickly and easily filter through it and contaminate our wells and springs, and the worst feature of this is, that the contamination commences in so gradual a manner that we are liable to use the water for some time after it becomes impure, and are made aware of the fact only in some unpleasant or alarming way.

Now can all this be remedied without too large an outlay of money? Can it be done with an expenditure which is within our means, and which will not lay too heavy a burden upon the citizens of the town? It seems to me that it can. I am informed that there is a company, legally chartered, and properly organized, who are ready to proceed to the erection of the necessary works to furnish the town with an ample supply of pure water, for both fire and domestic use, and what is better yet, they do not ask the town (as has been done in many places) to burden itself with a heavy debt, in order to do this work. All the assistance which they ask from the town, is that it will pay a fair and reasonable sum for the use of hydrants, to be located at proper points, for use in the case of fire, and this seems to be a perfectly fair and just thing for the town to do.

If we can secure a supply of pure water on these terms, with the assurance that private takers will be furnished for as low or lower price than is done in other towns, is it not wise to do so; shall we not be sorry if we allow the opportunity to pass unimproved.

The following is a rule for discerning small pox, published by the Cincinnati Times.

Whenever you see pimplies depressed in the centre you may take that as a sign of small pox. Small pox pimplies appear first on the face, then on the neck and hands, and afterward on the body. At first they are the size and have the solidity of small shot, but a lay-man would not be able to judge of them, until on and after the fourth day, when they become depressed in the centre and surrounded by a circle of pink that turns a dark crimson. These pimplies are often so thick that they run together. There is an odor accompanying the disease that, once noticed, can not be forgotten.

Rev. Wm. Barrows, of Boston, gave an interesting and instructive lecture in the course of lectures and entertainments on Tuesday evening on "Out West; Where and What."

The Arlington Glass Ball Club, an organization existing some time ago, got together again Thursday afternoon, on the old grounds, and had a good time shooting at glass balls, pigeons, etc. Omar Whittemore made the best score and J. W. Romeo the next.

Massachusetts House, Lexington, times to be the favorite resort for sleighing parties from far and near. No place we know of has such a delightfully attractive hall, and the other attractions of the house are in keeping.

RENEW YOUR LEASE. There are times in every one's life when energy fails and a miserable feeling comes over them, misfortune for laziness. Danger lurks in these symptoms, as they arise from the use of organs. Parker's Glues, Tonic will insure perfect activity to the stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood, and renew your lease of health and comfort.

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